



## When Hearts Are Trumps

A Serial Story

### FULL OF ROMANCE

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

#### CHAPTER LV.

W hen Arthur Paige got an idea, he held fast to it. Thus it came about that during September and October he watched his niece as he had never watched her before. At times he almost believed that she was wrong in his half-formed suspicion that she was not happy. She was so appreciative of all that John did for her, and he was so considerate of her every whim that the casual observer would have considered the couple's engagement a happy one. Yet Arthur was not satisfied. He recalled Barbara as she had been six months ago—bright, merry, full of fun, always ready for a romp, always brimming over with the joy of life. Now she was pale and thin, less talkative than ever before, and uncharacteristically docile. What had wrought this change? Of course, Cynthia would attribute it to the warm weather and to Barbara's suppressed excitement over her wedding plans. But Arthur did not consult Cynthia. In the problem he was facing he preferred to work without her dominant spirit directing him. First of all, he would study Barbara, being careful that she did not suspect him of doing so. To this end he introduced again the subject of the birthday celebration he proposed giving her in October.

#### SUSPECTS HIS NIECE.

"Bah," he ventured in an off-hand way, "you must make out for me a list of all the young people you want to have at your party." "But, uncle, won't it be a great deal of unnecessary expense to you to give this affair just because I happen to be twenty-one next month? You know my wedding is costing a lot." Her uncle asked a question with such suddenness as to startle her. "Child—why do you speak so often of being an expense to me? Have I ever suggested that I could not afford to do just what I wish to do for you?"

"Why—no—indeed you have not!" she stammered. "Only I know that my father left nothing for my support—and that all these years you have done everything for me—just as if I were your own child. And, of course, it has been a drain upon you."

"Who," he demanded, "ever told you that your father left nothing for your support?" She started to reply, then checked herself.

"Who told you?" her uncle persisted. "I never did—did I?" "No, sir—but it is true, isn't it? A light of hope came to her eyes, but died when he answered her honestly.

"Yes, dear, it is true, and I am glad that it is, since that has given me the blessed privilege of providing for you. I only wish I were to do it for years to come. But you have not answered my question."

She was silent, and out of pity he changed the subject. It was evident that she did not wish to name her informant. Arthur suspected Cynthia, but preferred just now to let the matter rest.

"Never mind," he said cheerfully. "Whoever told you might have added the fact I just mentioned—namely, my satisfaction with conditions as they have been ever since you came here to live."

"And now, let us settle an important matter. Whom shall we have at the party?" "I will think about it and let you know," Barbara replied. "I have hardly thought."

"Well, it is high time you began to think about it," the man smiled, "planning—remember. And if you dare even to suggest the word 'expense' to me about it, I shall get angry. Why not make out your list now?"

"I promised to go out for a while with John and to be ready at 4 o'clock."

"He and Aunt Cynthia and I are going. Oh, Uncle—with a sudden change of manner—'Can't you arrange to go with us this afternoon? Please do!'"

"Where are you going? What's the idea?" Barbara averted her eyes. "John wishes me to see some of the rooms in his house," she said dully. "He thinks perhaps I would like some new things bought for them and wants my suggestions."

"Of course, he asked aunt to accompany us as chaperone. But it will be easier and pleasanter for me if you come too, dear uncle. Ah, please, Uncle Arthur!"

It was the first favor the child had asked of him in weeks, he reflected. Perhaps if he were to accede to her request he might learn more of the matter he was studying. "Very well, dear," he agreed. "I will go—if you and John will not find me in the way."

Cynthia looked somewhat taken aback when Arthur appeared on the veranda as John Brandon drove up to the front door.

"Barbara and I are just going with John to look over his house," she explained. "And I am going, too," Arthur rejoined calmly. "I am as much interested in Barbara's future home as you can be."

"Good!" John Brandon exclaimed with a genuineness that warmed Arthur's heart. "I am as much interested in Barbara's future home as you can be."

"Why make changes?" Barbara asked as she sat by her lover on the front seat.

"Well," he admitted, "I don't see just why—unless you do. But as it is to be your home you must have a chance given you to express your opinion, you know."

(To be continued.)

**Feeding After First Year**

By Brice Belden, M. D.

DURING the second year of life milk is usually given in considerable quantity, but it is wise to give him food other than liquid or semi-solid. A reasonable amount of milk will help to supply the protein, but it should not constitute the main reliance.

The cereals are another source of protein, that important tissue builder of which the growing child stands in need. Young vegetables and fruit supply the salts. The best vegetables are spinach, lettuce, carrots, and potatoes. Especially valuable are the legumes (dried beans, peas, and lentils).

Care must be taken in cooking vegetables not to throw away the water in which they have been boiled, as it contains the salts that the child needs. The water should be boiled down and added to the vegetables after they have been strained.

A cup of cooked spinach contains enough iron to supply a child's needs in this regard for several days.

**FOOD DEPENDS UPON TEETH.**

How solid the food should be depends upon the number of teeth a child has. As soon as possible give dry toast, zwieback, Holland rusk, crackers and graham wafers.

During the next two years egg, minced meat, and coarse vegetables like cabbage, cauliflower, parsnips, turnips and asparagus are given. The fruits are continued, and bread and rolls are added to the dietary.

Beginning about the age of four the child should be permitted to dine with the family. Particular care must be taken to see that he chews his meat instead of having it minced. It is at this time that the habit of bolting food is apt to be formed, which not only leads to indigestion and disturbances of nutrition, but also deprives the teeth of the exercise which develops them and makes them strong.

At this age the milk should be further reduced and all sorts of vegetables and fruits given, but most children will themselves refuse to take the milk.

**Plants Keep Servants**

Some plants employ insects to work for them. Several varieties of the acacia use ants to protect them from the attacks of other insects.

The acacia knows or seems to know that there are ants that sting and ants that feed upon flesh, as well as others that eat nothing but vegetable matter. The plant makes use of this knowledge to help it in the choice of its employees.

The ant employed by the acacia is called the pseudomyrmecine. It lives in the ground during the dry season and is able to sting like a wasp. When the wet season arrives the acacia throws out fresh shoots, and into a hollow formed at the base of the new leaves it pours a sweet liquid, something like nectar. This nectar attracts the flesh-eating and stinging ants.

A leaf-eating ant, known as the sauba, attempts to carry off the leaves of the acacia, but the stinging ants attack and drive it away. In order to induce its employees to make their homes in its branches the acacia grows thorns filled with ant food. Protecting ants make their homes in these thorns, living upon the food provided by the acacia and acting as its defenders against intruders.

**Clothescraps Use Forests.**

The wooden clothescraps used annually in the United States take 20,000,000 feet of lumber.

**This Day in Our History.**

In August, 1777, occurred some of the darkest hours of the Revolution. On this date, in that year the British, under Howe, entered Chesapeake Bay and threatened the capture of Philadelphia.

Vernon McNutt—

HAW! HO! HO! HAW!

HIS MASTER'S VOICE



MRS. MELCHER WILL NEVER FORGIVE VERNON FOR WHAT HE SAID THE DAY HER YOUNGESTER GOT HIS HEAD AND SHOULDERS WEDGED FAST IN THAT OLD FURNACE PIPE.

## How Much Will a Teaspoon Hold?

Five cubic centimeters is what the Bureau of Standards has set as the theoretical quantity a teaspoon holds, but all spoons do not conform to this. The housekeeper measures with a teaspoon and should fill it "level," not "heaping."

How many teaspoons does a pound of baking powder contain? Apparently the number depends on yourself, upon the spoon used, upon the brand of baking powder you buy, upon the can in the lot which you happen to get, and upon a few other factors which, though seemingly inconsequential, do enter into the problem.

A pound of baking powder lasts longer with some cooks than it does with others. In an endeavor to learn where the difference is made the experimental kitchen in the office of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture recently conducted a series of experiments.

Various types of cooking teaspoons were first experimented with to determine the exact amount held in each case. Both the ordinary teaspoons and those "measuring spoons" which are linked together in sets were tested. A variation of from 126 to 150 teaspoons was found in the same pound can when different teaspoons were used.

The personal equation also enters into the amount which is called a teaspoonful. It was found the difference due to individual manipulation ranged from 10 per cent to 30 per cent, a wider range of variation than those due to the different capacities of different teaspoons.

**Where the Sea Sand Sings.**

"Singing sands" are found in Hawaii. By clapping the sand between the hands a faint hooting noise is produced. But the sounds are greatly intensified by putting a quantity in a bag and slamming it about.

**Leap Year Opportunities in Congress**

By Edith McDowell-Wise.

(Copyright, 1920.)

ANOTHER Democratic bachelor comes from Brooklyn—John B. Johnston. He is a real Scotchman, born in Glasgow, July 10, 1883. He is only thirty-seven and not at all averse to marriage.

But, like all other lawyers, he was so busy studying law during his "puppy-dog love" affair days that he simply hadn't time to pay attention to the girls. Now that he has time—well, same reason as all the others, I suppose, which is invariably "I don't know."

He is very sentimental about Scotch plaids, and some Scotch lassie who looks well in her "plaids," no doubt, would stir up old memories and touch the right chord. He admits a fondness for baxpipe music, and in a pinch can play them.

A voyage to Scotland will be the honeymoon trip offered to the successful candidate, and a glimpse of England, too. Of course, his favorite flower is Scotch heather, and he thinks there is no equal when used as trimming for millinery. Mr. Johnston is a Presbyterian, and at one time considered studying for the ministry, but politics got busy, and stole his way.

## BOOKS

"Holt's List of New and Forthcoming Books," just published by Henry Holt and Company, is an attractive twenty-four page pamphlet describing forty-seven titles. The list includes a large number of books by world-famous men.

Among them are two books on military science by Marshal Foch, a book on the theory of relativity by Professor Albert Einstein, a book of criticism by Benedetto Croce, Senator of the Kingdom of Italy, two new volumes of philosophy by Professor Henri Bergson, author of "Creative Evolution," and John Dewey, author of "The Influence of Darwin on Philosophy," a discussion of the frontier in American history, by Professor Frederick J. Turner, an autobiographical novel by William De Morgan, a new novel by Martin Anderson Nexø, author of "Felle, the Conqueror," and the collected poems of Walter de la Mare. Henry Holt and Company announces that this list is now ready for distribution and will be sent free on request.

A charming book for young people, and one which will have much interest also for those of their elders who are fond of biography, is "A Book of Boyhoods," by Eugene M. Fryer, which E. P. Dutton & Co. brought out last week. In ten, or a dozen, or twenty pages the author has told the story of the boyhood of each of nearly forty world-famous men, taking the facts of each life and, with knowledge of the time in which he belonged and imagination and dramatic instinct, weaving them into a narrative that is full of color and action and the life of his era. The stories range through six hundred years, from Chaucer, "The Boy for a King's Delight," to MacDowell, "The Boy Creator of American Music," and include among the forty Keats, Burns, Lincoln, James J. Hill, Stevenson, Foch, Leonardo da Vinci, Balboa, Nelson, Washington. The frontispiece is a reproduction of Millais' painting of "The Boyhood of Raleigh."

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## Do You Know That—

The best reflector of all metals is brass.

In the interlop of an ordinary piano there is about a mile of wire.

The escapement wheel of a watch makes 781,000 revolutions every twelve months.

Zoo animals prove that a lazy life leads to decay and premature "old" age.

Before the war nearly half the population of France was engaged in farming.

The people of India speak about 150 different languages, and are divided into forty-three distinct nationalities.

A bottle of champagne contains three pounds of grapes.

Copenhagen has the largest enclosed deer park of any city in the world, about 4,200 acres.

Methylated spirit was recently sold by a Liverpool chemist at a profit of 445 per cent.

The Order of the Thistle dates from 1687; it is limited to the King of England and sixteen knights.

London as a community uses trains and other transport more than any other city in the world.

Boys are replacing domestic servants at one British south coast resort, especially as housemaids and kitchenmaids.

In theory, an article lost in the wash is valued by the laundry at twenty-two times the cost of washing and ironing it.

Edinburgh, including Leith, etc., is now the second largest city in the British Isles, and the largest in area in Scotland.

Of the total of nearly 17,000,000 workers in Great Britain, only about 40 per cent are organized into trade unions.

Twenty thousand Canadian ex-soldiers, living in Britain, are claiming against the Canadian government for arrears due to the rate of exchange varying.

The best briar-roots, use for pipe bowls, are dug on the borders of France and Italy, and are sometimes as large as a man's body.

"Tips" amounting to \$50 daily are said to have been made by a boy employed to open motor car doors outside of a big Paris restaurant.

Russians who are religious do not eat pigeons because of the sanctity conferred on the dove in the scriptures.

I am falling in love with you very seriously and very deeply. I don't know what to do about it.

He was about to undress and retire late that night when a letter was slipped under his door:

You sentimental and adorable

## The Restless Sex

A Romantic Film Drama With

MARION DAVIES

By Robert W. Chambers.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"I'm dressing. Oh, Jim, I'm sorry, but I'm late as it is. You know I want you, don't you?" "All right; tomorrow, then," he said in happy voice.

He had been sitting in his room for an hour, thinking—letting his mind wander unchecked. If he were not really in love with Stephanie, how could a mere conversation over the wire with her give him such pleasure?

The day, drawing to its close without his seeing her, had seemed colorless and commonplace; but the sound of her gay voice over the wire had changed that—had made the day complete.

"I believe I am in love," he said aloud. He rose and paced the room in the dusk, questioning, considering his own uncertainty.

For the "novelty"—as Stephanie called it—of last night's fever had not been a novelty to her alone. Never before had he been so deeply moved, so swept off his feet, so regardless of a self-control habitual to him.

Perhaps anger and jealousy had started it. But these ignoble emotions could not seem to account for the happiness that hearing her voice had just given him.

Even the voice of a beloved sister doesn't stir a young man to such earnest and profound reflection as that in which he was now immersed, indifferent even to the dinner hour, which had long been over.

"I believe," he said aloud to himself, "that I'm falling very seriously in love with Steve. . . . And if I am, it's a rather desperate outlook. . . . She seems to be in love with Grimmer—damn him! . . . I don't know how to face such a thing. . . . She's married him and she doesn't live with him. . . . She admits frankly that she fascinates her. . . . There are women who never love. . . . I seem to want her, anyway. . . . I think I do. . . . It's a mess! . . . Why in God's name did she do such a thing if she wasn't in love with him—or if she didn't expect to be? . . . I'm certainly drifting into love with Steve. . . . Can I stop myself? . . . I ought to be able to. . . . He didn't! . . . Presently, he switched on the light, seated himself at the desk, and wrote:

Dear Steve: I am falling in love with you very seriously and very deeply. I don't know what to do about it. JIM.

He was about to undress and retire late that night when a letter was slipped under his door:

You sentimental and adorable

boy! What is there to do? The happiest girl in New York, very sleepy and quite ready for bed, bids you good night, enchanted by your note. STEVE.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

To have returned after three years abroad and to have slipped back into the conventional life of the circles to which he had been accustomed in the city of his birth might not have been very easy for Cleland. To readjust himself among what was unfamiliar proved easier, perhaps. For his family circle existed no longer; the old servants were gone; the house had been closed for a long time now.

At his college club unfamiliar faces were already in the majority, men of his own time having moved on to the University, Union, Racquet and Knickerbocker, leaving the usual residue of undesirable and a fresh influx from his college. And he was too young in letters to be identified yet with any club which meant anything except the conveniences of a hotel.

Among friends and acquaintances of his age there had been many changes, too; much shifting and readjustment of groups and circles incident to marriages and deaths and the scattering migration ever in progress from New York.

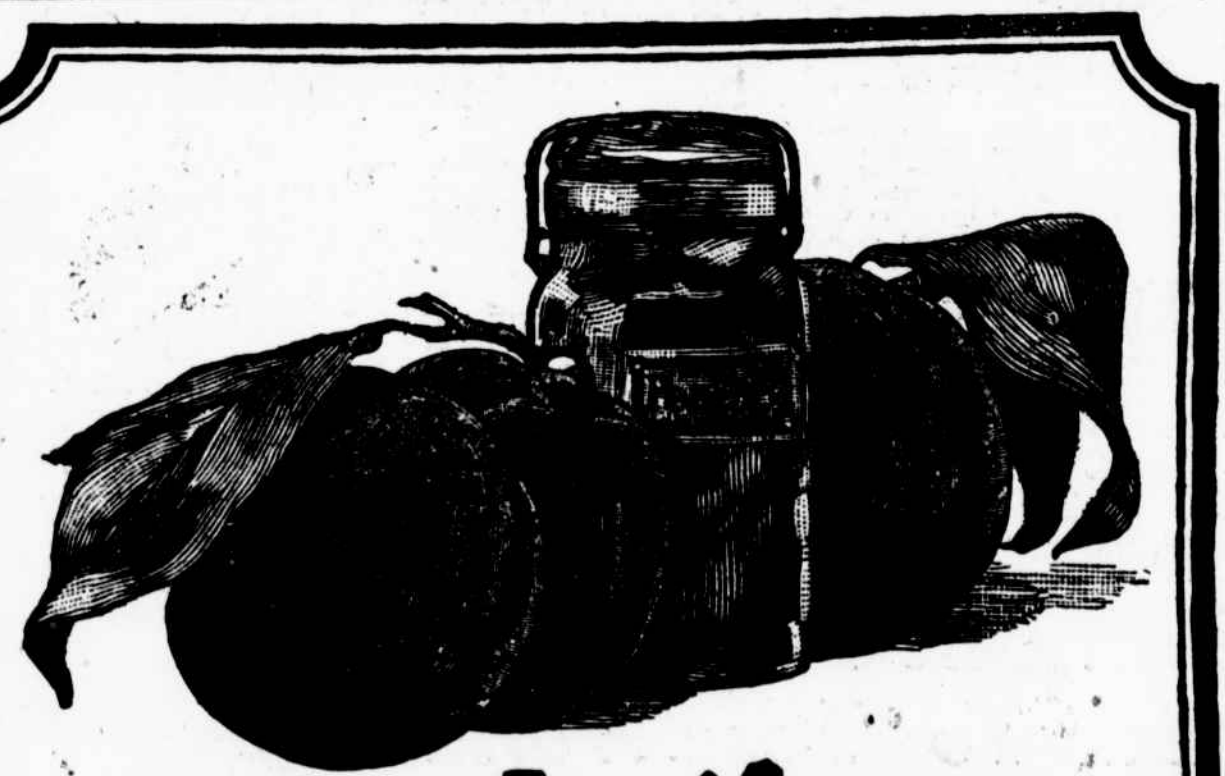
It was an effort for him to pick up the threads again; and he did not make the effort. It was much simpler to settle down here in these quiet, old-time streets within stone's throw of the artists' quarter of the city where Stephanie lived—where a few boyhood friends of artistic proclivities had taken up quarters, where acquaintances were easily made, easily avoided; and where the informalities of existence made life more easy, more direct, and, alas, much more irresponsible.

Cleland, with a conscious effort and a lurking smirk, mirrored the Latin Quarter to the best of his ability.

It did pretty well. There were more exaggerations, more eccentricities, less spontaneity and less work in Chelsea than in the Latin Quarter. Too many of its nomadic denizens were playing a self-conscious part; too few of them possessed the intelligence and training necessary for self-expression in any creative profession. Otherwise, they were as emotional, as casual, as unkempt, as vain, and as imprudent as any rapin of the original Latin Quarter.

Cleland met many of the elect even before he had settled down in his new studio-apartment on the top floor of the same building where Stephanie and Helen lived. (To be continued Tomorrow.)

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## peach time

Every jar of preserves you put up saves buying expensive winter foods. Preserves are high in nutritive value so cut your table costs by preserving all the fruit you can.

The importance of the right sugar is great—order "Franklin Granulated," which comes in sturdy cartons and strong cotton bags, free from the contaminating touch of flies, ants and dust.